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Original Poetry.

ODE TO THE SUN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Hail, thou celestial Light!
From ages to age thou measurest out
Years out upon the earth the glorious day,
All cheering, warm and bright.

Change comes not over thee!
Such as thy dazzling glory first was seen
By man's primeval race, such hast thou been,
And evermore shalt be.

Thou hast imbibed the streams
That watery fowls have roamed o'er with ease,
And the broad, flowing lakes once were content
To ripple in thy beams.

Thou bathest the gentle Spring
Unfold each tender leaf, and frame the cell
With dampening grace, while glad o'er dale and hill
The busy bands, of mad mirth,

The creeper in its play,
Have through their haunts with sobbing dimple dancing,
There on it, gaily had in thy light glancing,
While silvery as its prey.

And when thy warmer rays
Have brought, and roaring leaves, the summer on,
Sweet is thy darkening shade, at early noon,
That shields us from thy blaze.

Then man has fever sorest,
Burns, smiling to the cool, delicious breeze
That fans the pleasant, airy light through the trees
Of thy dark-leaving cities and towns.

Then is thy splendor flung
O'er rocking mountain, and o'er heaving sea,
And roads lonely, on each parent tree,
And the earth, yawns deep.

See Autumn, mid cool noons,
Thy sober sanctity, spreads far man and beast
Of prime years, and the fruits of the year,

Our fields, o'er orchards strewn,
Thy gladness to filled with joy is
He turns, with silent gratitude, to Heaven—
Whose Power's upright, ch. Sun! and best beg-ives—
His mind, adoring eye.

Delightful are thy days,
The forest, and the lovers' sweet dreams gleaming,
Where gorgeous on the hills, thou'st fair stream streaming
Some monument of thy rays.

And when the South chariot goes,
And shadowy tell another instance through the air,
The lonely creep skittering from their chilly lair,
And in the warm sun down.

Then are we bless thy light,
From age to age, with unreclaimed ray,
The journey upon the path of thy Power day,
All cheering, warm and bright. A. J. D.

Pictures of Life.

THE CHILD STEALER.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER VII.

It was three months from the time the child of Mr. Mallard was stolen, ere the police were able to describe certainly in a situation to Pr nephew.

By the first letter from the West, on the afternoon of a sultry day, a middle aged woman with an infant in her arms, and followed by a little girl, arrived at one of the public houses in the village just alluded to, and requested a room, as it was late in the day, and she was tired. A few days, said she, that was all should become a settler here. As they were alone in the chamber are good to them, the younger of the two females took the child, and a tea reasoning up say, and by the time it was ready to eat, that it had been during their ride in the stage, poured some cream into a saucer and bathed the face and neck. The child was in a deep sleep from which even the cold water did not arouse it. It was quite ill, and much exhausted; and the case was a transparency about its pushed up nose and white lips that gave them there the appearance of death.

While the girl was thus engaged, the woman was changing her clothes and preparing for bed. After the former had done all that she could to make the infant comfortable, she laid it down upon the bed, and turned to the same cone looking upon it with a sad and yearning face. While thus engaged the woman came up, and, taking her hand, gently but firmly drew her from the bed.

"How can I help you, Anne?"

The girl looked up, and now, for the first time, saw that her companion had prepared herself for sleep.

"She's very sick," was answered—"very sick. It may be dead by morning, and we must send she a better. It will kill her."

"Oh, there's no danger of that. She's in a sound sleep now, and will awake as well as the next four or five hours at least. She'll be just as comfortable in my sofas as she will be upon the bed here."

"I don't think so," replied the girl firmly. "I cannot and will not sleep in such a bed. It's just as easy to stay here a week as two to three days."

"We can't remain here longer than day after to-morrow," said the woman in answer. "Besides, Judge Lynch is at home to-day, and I must see him. To-morrow he may be gone to L—— where the court is about sitting."

Let Judge B—— go then," returned the girl. "But as for taking the child with us to-day it must not be done."

And as she said this, she bent down over it as one would who felt a body with her bosom.

"Don't act silly!" said the woman, angrily. "I am tired of all this. The child is only sulked from the near done of loudness that I gave it to-day. There's nothing ails it but a fever."

"If it recovers from the effects of that done I shall be glad."

"Why do you say that?"

"Doesn't it look as a fiend child now?"

"It's in a deep sleep—nothing more. But what is all this nonsense about it?" The girl's tones, as she spoke, were low and tremulous, and soon the tears were dropping from her eyes upon the face of the infant. "Here, let me have the child to bed, and you can talk to me this afternoon." And she took the girl by the shoulder, and attempted to push her aside. But Anne moved not, or, rather bent nearer to her charge, saying, at the same time, in a very decided tone:

"It's no use, the child shall not be murdered! Heaven knows it has suffered enough already! I would give worlds if it were only back again safe on its mother's bosom."

"Are you mad?" exclaimed the woman, strongly excited.

"I was mad when I consented to be so great a wrong to a innocent babe as to take it from its mother—an act of which I have repented a thousand times."

"Anne! I will not have you act so mean in this way!"

"In what way?" said the girl, rising up quickly, and confronting the woman, while the tears that had been in her eyes seemed to be consumed instantly by the fiery flash with which they were kindled.

"By interfering with my movements at this most important point."

"Mother!" exclaimed the girl, manifesting strong excitement; "I have yielded much and sacrificed much in your wishes. For years I have acted a part that was hateful to my feelings, and done wrong, conscious all the while of the wrong. But this cannot be borne longer. There is something owed to myself and something owed to humanity. I grow daily and hourly more conscious of it. I'm not grow any more too closely, or you may say the tie that binds us together will force me from you. The child is ill—ill—ill to be disturbed. She needs a physician, and must have one. Instead of going to Judge Lynch you ought to go for a doctor."

"Do you talk like a simpleton, Anne! Haven't I said that the child is only sulpeded from fatalanism."

"You can say what you please, mother," returned the girl, in a resolute tone, "but when you say this child is not sick you utter words make an impression on me. I know that it is sick, and, I fear, dangerously so."

"Anne! I must not come to parley with you;" was the woman's reply in this. "I think I know what I am about, and claim to have rather more to say to the matter than you have. So end this, just step aside and let me have the child. I'll be responsible for all the consequences."

Now put her hand upon Anne's shoulder as she spoke, and attempted to push her from her side. The girl did not resist. But as the woman was about lifting up the child, she said, in a most determined manner,

"Mother! The moment you pass the door with that baby in your arms, all the ties that bind us together are broken! I will immediately go to the nearest house, the first officer in the town, which will cause both your arrest and mine, and the restoration of the child to its parents. I will not bear the fear of consequences to myself; if you can say the same, so be it; but if you wish to keep out of the hands of the law, let that child remain where it is. I will not see it murdered!"

At these words the woman let her sunk down, almost senseless, into a chair, and awaited the effect of her words on her exhausted companion. The latter stood a moment and then started back. Had an officer of the law entered the door and laid his hand upon her, she could not have been more astonished; nor, perhaps, more dismayed, for there was a stern and determined spirit about the girl which she felt that it would be dangerous to brave.

"Anne!" said the woman, after the pause, "what, what, with a bright eye burned on either cheek. "You know that I am not a woman to be trifled with. I have held you in my power some time, and I will not be trifled with now like you. Give me the child's cap and coat."

But the girl moved not from the chair on which she had fallen rather than seated herself, nor showed the smallest sign of compliance.

Seeing this, the woman took from the bed herself the articles she had named, and then deliberately commenced putting them upon the baby, that was lying motionless and with every muscle of the body so relaxed that it seemed more like a flexible effigy of a child. Not a word was spoken by either, while Anne sat with the quickness of thought before her.

"If I must take that child," she said, in an impassioned manner, while her eyes, that had been drooping and almost restless be a moment, flashed upon the woman with an intense light—"I solemnly declare that I will seek it myself, and by my own exertions, and not by assistance from you. To-morrow he may be gone to L—— where the court is about sitting."

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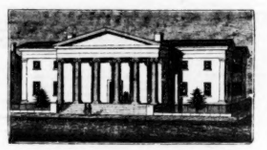
Our Picture Gallery.



U. S. MINT. AT PHILADELPHIA.

This beautiful and classic building was designed by Mr. Strickland, and is intended to combine beauty and durability, and every particular of the material, having two fronts, one on Chestnut, and the other facing Penn Square. Each front is ornamented with a beautiful portico, supported by several pillars of Corinthian workmanship, and fifty feet wide. To each different apartment in all used in mint, was a work, one for smelting and making thin plates; another for rolling and stamping the same; another for assaying, etc.

The whole is seen in the most beautiful view of white marble, having two fronts, one on Chestnut, and the other facing Penn Square. Each front is ornamented with a beautiful portico, supported by several pillars of Corinthian workmanship, and fifty feet wide. To each different apartment in all used in mint, was a work, one for smelting and making thin

child silence, and fixing its face against her bosom.

"Has I been sick long?" asked the man.

"Two or three months." And she turned away an infant and child, and went back to the room where she had left her mother, who still did not appear to notice her entrance. Anne sat down with the child still held close to her bosom, and the woman remained near a window, looking out upon the street. Neither of them spoke for a long time, and when the space of ten minutes, when there came a knock at the door.

"Come in," said Anne, in a composed voice while her mother started in her feet, and turned a look of bitterness upon the girl, but who, obeying the answer in his application for admittance entered the room.

"You can say what you please, mother," returned the girl, in a resolute tone, "but when you say this child is not sick you utter words make an impression on me. I know that it is sick, and, I fear, dangerously so."

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best ever it it such a way as to entirely shield it. In that position, she resisted all the efforts that were made for its removal, which she ravaged her mother beyond all bounds. Anne received one blow on the side of the face from the hand of the furious woman, but before another fell she had sprung away, and with the fleetness of wind disappeared through the door, still holding the child in her arms and carried it into a house near by. On going to that house, this was ascertained, was confined; and after her lamentable story was told, and she had herself a relative of the babe, and had taken it away with her.

On arriving at home, and giving information that she had recovered, instant search was made for the lost babe, but it was never found, and not the least interfiger or in regard to it, but, from that period, came to the knowledge of the almost insatiable his parents. It was there first and sole child, and for long years they had mourned it—but whether as dead or alive, they had no certain knowledge.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis were well acquainted with Mr. Millard and his wife, and, on the first intelligence of the loss they had sustained, they called in person to offer their sympathy on the part of the rest, and all in searching for the lost one on the part of the other, although, in doing so, sounds long since received, and only partially healed over, began to bleed afresh.

As Mrs. Lewis drew close to the side of the bereaved mother, and commenced speaking to her, there came to her three remembrances of her own long night of agony. She must back again to that scene, when the first terrible news came that her babe was lost, and felt something of the same anguish that almost maddened her, when sad confirmation of the truth fell, one after another, like strokes from the sledge-hammer upon her brain. In its efforts to sustain her friend, these memories of her own grief were gradually faded away. Yet, what power was there in sympathy to comfort a mother whose babe had been stolen from her arms! Would it be a reference to the fact, years before, as to another mother had sustained a similar loss, and never regained the one she lost *rest from her.*

Alas!—with all the promises sympathy fails to give, when the no well understood, that there was no sustaining power in any words that she could utter; and therefore she offered none. Her very presence by her presence and her tears, and these were grief freely.

Mrs. Lewis, her self-control over and duties of her own, and she had, therefore, leisure to follow the lead of her own feelings. The effect of crossing these sad memories with Mrs. Millard, towards whom she began to feel a regard, somewhat resembling that which she had felt for an only child, and would watch with similar anxieties, for the return of chance reason to dawn upon the mind. It was natural that the latter should be affected by the kindness with which she was treated, and that she should feel the most shocking close to the friend who had drawn from her the expression of her own sufferings. It was necessary, at length, because the presence of Mrs. Lewis, that it was only when she was absent that Mrs. Millard herself, or some one anything resembling tranquility or repose. At such times she was if was her custody ever return to her?" That was another serious question. Think as she would, the shadow of that dreadful uncertainty was upon her heart, and she felt oppressed and alarmed. Long and anxiously did she look from the window, in the direction in which Anne had gone, but the slender form of the girl was no where to be seen. Finally, her pain for her bosom, and, opening her frock, took therefrom a purse of money, which she placed in her bosom. She then went down stairs, and, remarking to the landlady as she met her in the passage, that she had left something in the physician's house, passed out of the house, and went off in the direction she had said she would take Anne, and, at last, reached it.

"Is the doctor at home?" she asked of a servant who answered her knock.

"No, ma'am."

"How long has he been out?"

"About half an hour."

"Has there been a girl here with a sick child say an hour ago?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Did the doctor see it?"

"Yes."

"Is she here now?"

"No, ma'am, she has gone away."

"Did you see which way she went?"

"Yes, ma'am, she went down the gate ten being required, she said, as if offended with the interrogations of the woman.

"Pardon me, ma'am," said the servant, with which was the doctor's patience go when they were troubled with questions.

"Indeed, ma'am, and I shall do no such thing."

"You won't! And pray, why not?"

"Because I won't, that's all."

"Is the doctor in?" said the woman, in a stern, yet excited voice, while her eyes flashed and her lips quivered.

"No, ma'am, I don't."

"Do you know the person whose messenger you were on in charge of a child?"

"Indeed, ma'am, and I shall do no such thing either

between the families, and all intercourse had been stopped.

An might have been anticipated, Mr. Albert Morris suffered keenly from this sudden coldness. Such cold feelings of estrangement between those connected by the ties of blood, was unnatural, unchristian, and unfit to longer exist! Thus he argued until his mother (who is widowed and has but one child) assures us finds us a visit of conciliation, of reconciliation. This was perfectly successful, and that the long lesson for a day of penitence flowed again sunny and swift.

Oh, such times as the families had together! Such morning walks and rides, and then such sociable evening gatherings for all sorts of amusements! Whatever one could do, it was all pleasant and better, and what delightful way than I can tell.

I surely need not say how glad was Albert in his heart when he listened daily to the praises of "dear, gifted Cousin Annie," from his affectionate sisters and enthusiastic young brothers, and even from his thoughtful, kind parent too her. Ah, the little heathen divinity of fairy league" sometimes has smooth smiling way what they will.

It happened that Annie was deep in the study of the German at that time, and Albert, determined to become her faithful mate rut up his knowledge of that grand language. After this, what enchanted "long sentences," what charming jaw-dislocating hours they spent over Goethe and Grabbe, and Gessner and Gleim, and Schiller and Freer, and Fichte and Pfeilgrath, and Richter and Zopenhelmer; and Kosegarten and Kerner, and Kinzel and Schelbe, and Schlegel and Schelling, and Schleiermacher, and Schiller, and Zschokke!!

But the time came when it was away with these old fellows! and let the heart open through lips and eyes, and "little motherese sun," a poetry more delicious, an eloquence more sobering.

"My dear Albert," said Annie Morris, one two months a wife, "what possessed thee to make a present to me of so many books at once? Could not have given me them at my leisure? Could scarcely find room for it in our conservatory?"

"Ah, Annie," he replied, "I love the orange; it is a second fruit to me."

"Now, what canst thou mean?" said the little wife, with sweet surprise.

"I love no one, then, my love," he rejoined. "As by the apple Adam lost his paradise, so by the orange have I found mine. What, still puzzled? Ah, bless you, and bless all enraptured orange women, say I."

"Oh, Albert," cried Annie, blushing deeply and smiling through tears as she wiped away some round the face of her young husband her—"did thee see that? I was a little ashamed at the time, there were so many people at the store—but I could not help it."

"To be sure you could not help it; your blushes go about such very sweet their own account. Help it, indeed!"

On the morning after the little street incident, which was the stepping-stone to the happy fortune of Albert Morris, Miss Clara Alwood was seated in her most graceful attitude on a purple velvet sofa in an elegant parlor awaiting a call from that self-same happy gentleman. There came a ring at the door and presently a servant entered bearing on a salver a pretty little French affair, filled with oranges, and a card, on which was written—"With the compliments of M."

The check, neck and bows of the haughty beauty became crimson as she dashed the epistolary offering to the floor.

Last winter she was married—well, all the world said. She has a large house on Madison street, a fine —— -story-and, a magnificent carriage, and her country-seat—a most a dashing livery—in short, luxury and display overwhelm her. She is still beautiful, brilliant, witty, gay and it may be, happy—but I do not think that she ever cultivated orange trees in her own conservatories.

The Essapist.

REACTION AGAINST PHILANTHROPY.

FROM CHAMBER'S EDINBURG JOURNAL.

Things are not at present looking well for philanthropy. The public is evidently turning against many of the schemes for lessening evil and promoting good which have occupied attention for some years past. For this we can see good reasons, and we do not entirely set the reaction—but it is desirable that the ebb-tide should not go too far back, and it will be necessary that some other measures be taken to fulfil the same purposes of our social economy.

The late philanthropic paroxysm was itself a reaction from a previous state of indifference. We are not old; yet we can remember the time when prisons were foul and unregulated, so as to form a real punishment, both to the criminal and the debtor; when a group of human beings were kept at every month or so for simplifying, lingery, and other secondary offences; when the condition of the very poor was little remarked, or only so to be passed over as a thing unavoidable, and not to be helped or interfered with; and when the idea of Night Asylums, Houses of Refuge, and Ragged Schools, had as yet visited no one's fancies. The heart and stomach of the public were then stout, and men in general were able to endure the ills of their neighbors with tranquillity. By and by Mrs. Fry began to see about prisons, which in a little time were converted into quiet, clean workhouse, where folk had no drawback but only that of being a little solitary. Mr. Owen and Dr. Roughan raised an outcry about education, and rose the harmless nickname of the economists, found themselves in circumstances to gratify our feeling philanthropical at superior rank by allowing their children to go to national schools. Not only came into fashion: everything like ragged punishment was given up, because the public could not stand it. It was discovered to be a great and permanent duty of all who could take care of themselves, that they should also take care of all those who could or would not—see to their being fed and housed, kept in clean flannels, well swept hearthstones, and honeycombed doorways, provided with everything which the honest poor of old times had been accustomed to provide for themselves; in short, that every body else every body principle came to be the great motive of modern society. This has regot its time, and now we begin to see that the sense of crime and misery has not been lessened, but rather increased. It is shewed in general that, in our society as it existence, we have only relieved from responsibility so as to propagate that which we had formerly to repress. Many now begin to think that, after all, our ancestors were not so far wrong as they now approach, in considering that every moral person should chiefly see to his own subsistence, and that of his offspring, and to punishing the punishment of neglect, if not one of a more positive kind, where this alleged duty was not performed.

It must be admitted that the facts tend very much to show that humanity may be carried to a point where it defeats its own objects. During the forty years of philanthropy, commiseration in offences has increased in direct proportion to propagation studied. This cannot be to more than a fractional part the amount of criminal guilt, even in the prime, or of any similar cause. Seeing that it has gone so hand in hand with a continual softening of the law of punishments, one cannot think the two things in some degree connected as cause and effect. more particularly as the increased number of offences being committed directly for the purpose of securing a retreat in the comforts of the jail. One such fact as that the prison accommodation of an English county actually costs twenty-four times as much per annum as the county charges of the dock for food, is sufficiently startling. Even if we are to commiserate the poor form, rather than punish them—a highly amiable and sanctified in, no doubt—we must look to the things from which it springs; but it may be a mistake, or it may be unpracticable, and if fully proved to be both of these, the other thing, we must still be entitled to give it up. In our growing compassionate we have forgotten some of the old punishment too much. The Providence which constitutes all things for the best, in its peculiar providence and revelations by disease and death every hour of every day. What if stern measures are absolutely the most humane after all?

During the same period the regulated expenditure for the relief of the poor in all its ways has increased enormously; and yet the number of beggars has not been lessened; rather has there been an increase of the sort—bottom of those poor people who, we are told, pass unnoticed. On the contrary, forms of pretence so more out with the impertinence of ragged women, and children, to every street of every large town; and the meaner parts of each city are now so much crammed with beggars—destitution of the most ferocious poor age, one hundred and forty thousand people was the number for the poor in Scotland, through the regular channels: now the expenditure in the per-taken is approaching half a million: there is a vast increase of hoodwinkers in other ways; and yet there is more extensive mendicancy, and more abortive attempted retrenchment than formerly. It believes that either society is going through a rapid course of demoralization from excess independent of poverty, or that our late years long since overpeopled.

An might have been anticipated, Mr. Albert Morris suffered keenly from this sudden coldness. Such cold feelings of estrangement between those connected by the ties of blood, was unnatural, unchristian, and unfit to longer so exist! Thus he argued until his mother (who is widowed and has but one child) assures us finds us a visit of conciliation, of reconciliation. This was perfectly successful, and that the long lesson for a day of penitence flowed again sunny and swift.

Oh, such times as the families had together! Such morning walks and rides, and then such sociable evening gatherings for all sorts of amusements! Whatever one could do, it was all pleasant and better, and what delightful way than I can tell.

I surely need not say how glad was Albert in his heart when he listened daily to the praises of "dear, gifted Cousin Annie," from his affectionate sisters and enthusiastic young brothers, and even from his thoughtful, kind parent too her. Ah, the little heathen divinity of fairy league" sometimes has smooth smiling way what they will.

It happened that Annie was deep in the study of the German at that time, and Albert, determined to become her faithful mate rut up his knowledge of that grand language. After this, what enchanted "long sentences," what charming jaw-dislocating hours they spent over Goethe and Grabbe, and Gessner and Gleim, and Schiller and Freer, and Fichte and Pfeilgrath, and Richter and Zopenhelmer; and Kosegarten and Kerner, and Kinzel and Schelbe, and Schlegel and Schelling, and Schleiermacher, and Schiller, and Zschokke!!

But the time came when it was away with these old fellows! and let the heart open through lips and eyes, and "little motherese sun," a poetry more delicious, an eloquence more sobering.

"My dear Albert," said Annie Morris, one two months a wife, "what possessed thee to make a present to me of so many books at once? Could not have given me them at my leisure? Could scarcely find room for it in our conservatory?"

"Ah, Annie," he replied, "I love the orange; it is a second fruit to me."

"Now, what canst thou mean?" said the little wife, with sweet surprise.

"I love no one, then, my love," he rejoined. "As by the apple Adam lost his paradise, so by the orange have I found mine. What, still puzzled? Ah, bless you, and bless all enraptured orange women, say I."

"Oh, Albert," cried Annie, blushing deeply and smiling through tears as she wiped away some round the face of her young husband her—"did thee see that? I was a little ashamed at the time, there were so many people at the store—but I could not help it."

"To be sure you could not help it; your blushes go about such very sweet their own account. Help it, indeed!"

On the morning after the little street incident, which was the stepping-stone to the happy fortune of Albert Morris, Miss Clara Alwood was seated in her most graceful attitude on a purple velvet sofa in an elegant parlor awaiting a call from that self-same happy gentleman. There came a ring at the door and presently a servant entered bearing on a salver a pretty little French affair, filled with oranges, and a card, on which was written—"With the compliments of M."

The check, neck and bows of the haughty beauty became crimson as she dashed the epistolary offering to the floor.

Last winter she was married—well, all the world said. She has a large house on Madison street, a fine —— -story-and, a magnificent carriage, and her country-seat—a most a dashing livery—in short, luxury and display overwhelm her. She is still beautiful, brilliant, witty, gay and it may be, happy—but I do not think that she ever cultivated orange trees in her own conservatories.

The Essapist.

REACTION AGAINST PHILANTHROPY.

FROM CHAMBER'S EDINBURG JOURNAL.

Things are not at present looking well for philanthropy. The public is evidently turning against many of the schemes for lessening evil and promoting good which have occupied attention for some years past. For this we can see good reasons, and we do not entirely set the reaction—but it is desirable that the ebb-tide should not go too far back, and it will be necessary that some other measures be taken to fulfil the same purposes of our social economy.

The late philanthropic paroxysm was itself a reaction from a previous state of indifference. We are not old; yet we can remember the time when prisons were foul and unregulated, so as to form a real punishment, both to the criminal and the debtor; when a group of human beings were kept at every month or so for simplifying, lingery, and other secondary offences; when the condition of the very poor was little remarked, or only so to be passed over as a thing unavoidable, and not to be helped or interfered with; and when the idea of Night Asylums, Houses of Refuge, and Ragged Schools, had as yet visited no one's fancies. The heart and stomach of the public were then stout, and men in general were able to endure the ills of their neighbors with tranquillity. By and by Mrs. Fry began to see about prisons, which in a little time were converted into quiet, clean workhouse, where folk had no drawback but only that of being a little solitary. Mr. Owen and Dr. Roughan raised an outcry about education, and rose the harmless nickname of the economists, found themselves in circumstances to gratify our feeling philanthropical at superior rank by allowing their children to go to national schools. Not only came into fashion: everything like ragged punishment was given up, because the public could not stand it. It was discovered to be a great and permanent duty of all who could take care of themselves, that they should also take care of all those who could or would not—see to their being fed and housed, kept in clean flannels, well swept hearthstones, and honeycombed doorways, provided with everything which the honest poor of old times had been accustomed to provide for themselves; in short, that every body else every body principle came to be the great motive of modern society. This has regot its time, and now we begin to see that the sense of crime and misery has not been lessened, but rather increased. It is shewed in general that, in our society as it existence, we have only relieved from responsibility so as to propagate that which we had formerly to repress. Many now begin to think that, after all, our ancestors were not so far wrong as they now approach, in considering that every moral person should chiefly see to his own subsistence, and that of his offspring, and to punishing the punishment of neglect, if not one of a more positive kind, where this alleged duty was not performed.

It must be admitted that the facts tend very much to show that humanity may be carried to a point where it defeats its own objects. During the forty years of philanthropy, commiseration in offences has increased in direct proportion to propagation studied. This cannot be to more than a fractional part the amount of criminal guilt, even in the prime, or of any similar cause. Seeing that it has gone so hand in hand with a continual softening of the law of punishments, one cannot think the two things in some degree connected as cause and effect. more particularly as the increased number of offences being committed directly for the purpose of securing a retreat in the comforts of the jail. One such fact as that the prison accommodation of an English county actually costs twenty-four times as much per annum as the county charges of the dock for food, is sufficiently startling. Even if we are to commiserate the poor form, rather than punish them—a highly amiable and sanctified in, no doubt—we must look to the things from which it springs; but it may be a mistake, or it may be unpracticable, and if fully proved to be both of these, the other thing, we must still be entitled to give it up. In our growing compassionate we have forgotten some of the old punishment too much. The Providence which constitutes all things for the best, in its peculiar providence and revelations by disease and death every hour of every day. What if stern measures are absolutely the most humane after all?

During the same period the regulated expenditure for the relief of the poor in all its ways has increased enormously; and yet the number of beggars has not been lessened; rather has there been an increase of the sort—bottom of those poor people who, we are told, pass unnoticed. On the contrary, forms of pretence so more out with the impertinence of ragged women, and children, to every street of every large town; and the meaner parts of each city are now so much crammed with beggars—destitution of the most ferocious poor age, one hundred and forty thousand people was the number for the poor in Scotland, through the regular channels: now the expenditure in the per-taken is approaching half a million: there is a vast increase of hoodwinkers in other ways; and yet there is more extensive mendicancy, and more abortive attempted retrenchment than formerly. It believes that either society is going through a rapid course of demoralization from excess independent of poverty, or that our late years long since overpeopled.

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1850.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE ORIGINAL, EXCLUSIVELY FOR LAND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will assist materially in making a large club for the mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offer themselves, that they will show our Post to some other influential and respectable persons who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it contains far more matter for the price. The Post will find themselves as in the hands of the second, also, that we have got a just the same as a first class paper, as on the vacuum and poorest of the small reprints.

NOTICE.

Subscribers desiring the paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed from, as well as the Post Office they wish it to be changed to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the County and State of the town in which they live.

Persons wishing subscribers for a club, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

THE USURY LAWS.

We observe in one of our contemporaries the following paragraph copied approvingly by the Madisonian, of this city, in the Senate of Pennsylvania, in favor of a system of free banking. In these passages, the speaker appears to sum up his arguments in opposition to the present laws of usury. We shall give our reply as well as the arguments in our readers, in order that they may see the whole question fairly before them, without accompanying the quotations with a few remarks of our own. Mr. Meredith said:

Mr. Speaker, without detaining the Senate much longer, I wish now to show, in as few words as possible, why I am in favor of the bill. I am in favor of it because it is a measure of relief. In expecting it to help him, it would be looking to C, while C again was resting in expectation of help from A and B. No one else would be looking, but all would be idle expectancy, and meanwhile the necessities would be urging the borrower. It is a poor delusion to talk of property being subject to any obligation, beyond what is imposed by humanity and expediency, to support the whole of those who may be, or who may consider themselves in need. Every man's property is open in every man, and is nothing more than money left to be borrowed and the aggregate results of industry. It is not apt to accrue to those who shun the responsibility of the particular of the public beneficence, to what an extent they are a grievance and a discredit by so many. Mr. Speaker, the question of the movement now towards meritorious and unavoidable poverty, and the more urgent necessity to borrow in their circumstances, are such that it is clear as mid-day that they might, by fair exertion, raise themselves into independence. I therefore, as the law are on the subject, it is but the truest of faith. The law of the property is not arbitrary in the elite in all their various forms is a tremendous fact, and social medicine, and a continued cause of the production of fresh destitution—and eventually reproducing itself. No one can be relieved in this way without a fresh call for relief from others, who, for any but the most compelling of motives, will be himself to this fatal burden. Economy, he ever must be a legitimate subject of exertion, and satisfaction to be required.

Not only is it necessary for the poor, but, we feel even the responsibility for fooling unemployment must mainly be left to the individual. On the point there has been fully as much fallacy as on any other. In fact, society is not bound to find work for any of its members, than to support them when they are unemployed from any cause, in the other case, the only claim which any one can have upon another. Were the opposite principle to be adopted, that we should restrict labor so that the individual had really been unable to obtain work, he had not rejected it, living employment on improper grounds? A noble shelter it would be, indeed, for the indolent and the dissolute. The world it not that the time should have to seek for the work, while the disengaged party might be sitting still. Let the work seek the hands! And keep up national workshops for the unemployed! Why, they would be in their own competition with the independent industrious pursuing the same trades. Where would be the advantage of being industrious? No, no; there is but one simple plan for every unit of us—that to should get at something to do, and do it, no matter what it is, if only the best thing he can do. The great consideration is that he must be held while human nature remains as it is.

It might be worthy of consideration how far the principle of the Bankrupt Act, as to discharge, ment might be remedied by a system resembling it, and applicable to cases of relief, upon the benefit of invalid relief: namely, a regulated stoppage out of all wages realized by operatives, for the use of the relief, or the subject of a loan, to have no doubt that a thousand as pay, such as would be applicable to the case of the poor, would be found in full employment, would provide a fund sufficient to meet the claims of the poor, and relieve them from the necessity of the poor, and as well as relieve those pecuniary sufferers of employment in large districts, and the ruin of the tradesmen dependent upon them, and as painful a feature of our present social condition. Whatever may be the extent of the relief required to come in and enforce such a system, as it is to be one very important one, the process of getting it through as most worrying one are, that to give them every compulsorily the benefits which the middle classes derive from their reserves of capital, would be a real boon; and, as such, it would indeed, be one to be regarded by all as a most reassuring any reflection, or endowed with the spirit of independence. It is not to be contemplated as a calamity for any one to be out of employment year might be provided for exactly as they are at present; while, to prevent all raising up to the relief of the middle classes from any part of their capital, or from any part of their income, that they should become contributors to the National Fund for the Unemployed to the extent of the whole of their capital and income for the relief of paupers.

By such plans, and by the never-failing humanity of such a society as ours, it may be expected that those modes of relief which are now so much against the present ever-philanthropic schemes and movements, no monstrous savings will be made, and no monstrous sufferings will be endured. The present system of relief, and the present great dilemma must be dispelled. We must not wait for it to be worked out. We must, then, see that the case is not that of a gentleman with money in his pocket, and a hungry man in the street, but that of a patient entering an hospital to be subjected to medical and surgical treatment. The opening commences to evince how important are to all appearance, the exposants of nefarious system of the present day are approaching to the end of their career. The great source of the evil seems to be the degree in which gain and misery can be heaped together. For years past, the public has acted as if it were a matter of indifference whether the poor were left to themselves or not. Every one has been left to his own devices, and the consequence has been that the poor have been left to their own devices, and the consequence has been that the poor have been left to their own devices, and the consequence has been that the poor have been left to their

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1849.

ENGLISH HABITS.

From one of a series of letters descriptive of England, now being published in the Inquirer of this city, we extract the following amusing account of some English customs:

"The next thing that caught my eye was what appeared to be an equestrian statue, on the peak of a lofty hill, at a considerable distance. Upon approaching it, however, though it remained immovable, what do you think it was? Mere flesh and blood—a *real* man, on horseback. But to put a harder question, what do you think the man was doing there—that is, what was his object? Why, to catch the *hair*—as the English say—for the benefit of his health. The devotion to health with these people is amazing. Hence, no doubt, the employment of goats and asses—four legged and two-legged. Hence their snuffing the sea, and smelling the sea-weed, at stated periods; and hence that old buck, who is now walking past my window, panting and puffing like a spent boiler, resorts to such extraordinary efforts, not to prepare for death, but to live a little longer. Man, man, what a mystery thou art! I think, however, one of the strangest scenes encountered by me in the sequel of my ride, was one I shall now relate. Notwithstanding the sign post, just out of the range of the town, I encountered some beggars, and of course I gave them something, in return for which, they declared that 'my *highness* was the only gentleman they had met between Hastings and Brighton.' Well, I rode still more slowly after that, as it required some time to digest it. Indeed, I was so overcome by the weight and truth of the remark, that expecting nothing beyond it, I turned into a more rural and romantic road by which to return—not home, but to my *palace*—when what was my astonishment, in passing in the vicinity of some verdant and beautiful fields, to see hundreds of fashionable women and children, decorated in flowers and ribbons, moving over the fields in various directions. Now, what do you think they were after?—I rode up myself, for the purpose of ascertaining. Why, they were following different ploughs—walking in the furrows they had made, in order that they might inhale the smell of the earth, as it was newly turned up, under the idea that it would forestall the unsightly prospect of a new-made grave. Now, I suppose, if you did not know me, you could scarcely credit all this, and yet it is but the tithe of what I might truly state to you. London is not England—you must go to the watering places."

JEWISH PASSOVER.

Cist's Cincinnati Advertiser, of recent date, contains the following interesting notice of the Jewish Passover:

"The passover, like the Easter of the Catholics, and some of the Protestants, is a moveable feast, and occurred this year on the sixth of April. As its period approaches, baskets may be seen, in transitu through our streets, filled with a delicately thin cake, and which being some eight by twelve inches, makes up in superficies what it loses in thickness. This is the passover bread or cake of the Jews which is the only bread they use, during the passover festival of eight days. They take it from the general bakery, home to their dwellings.

"This bread, it will be recollected, is unleavened, and forms the finest biscuit extant, undergoing an amount of labor in kneading it for use, which doubtless, is the great cause of its peculiar [illegible]

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to call at two or three more places with meat yet, and before I could return it would be past midnight. But I tell you what I will do—there's Dash—a better dog never lived—I'll leave him with you; and I'll agree to forfeit my head if he lets any one enter the house while he's there.

With many thanks Mrs. Pollard accepted his offer; for she had often heard her husband speak of the courage and sagacity of the animal in question.

"Stay here," said Godfrey, now, as he looked at his dog, and pointed within the room with his finger, "and see that you don't let any one come near."

The dog, which was a very large one, and of the breed called "Mastiff," answered this command of his master by wagging his tail two or three times, and looking up into his face with an intelligent expression; and the next moment crouching down by the side of Mrs. Pollard, stretched himself at full length on the hearth, as though at home.

When the butcher had departed, Mrs. Pollard began to caress the dog, and for a long time endeavored to attract his notice; but in vain; he continued to lie mute and motionless, as though devoid of life. The circumstance raised her fears anew; for she began to think that if the dog lay thus passive now, he would do so if any one chanced to come to the place. Again she renewed her caresses, and finally offered him a piece of meat; but still with the same success; the dog would neither appear to recognise her presence, nor would he touch the meat.

The Toll-house consisted of two rooms, with only one door of entrance, which was at the front. The back apartment was used as a bed-room, and was lighted by a small window at the foot of the bed. The front one had two windows; a tolerably large one near the door, and a small lattice, whose diamond shaped squares of glass were encased within thin plates of lead. To none of the windows was there any shutters, with the exception of the one in the bed room.

At the usual time, Mrs. Pollard retired to rest, but in vain endeavored to sleep; the dog still remaining in the same immovable position as when his master left him.

The night was more chill and dreary than had been the day. The falling of snow had given place to a heavy storm of commingled sleet and rain, which the wind now blew against the casements with terrible force—almost appearing as though it would raise the house from its very foundation. It seemed a fitting night for deeds of blood! Mrs. Pollard lay in her bed trembling, as her terror at each repetition of the keen blast increased. Stories of robbery and bloodshed, which she had heard years ago, now rushed through her mind with vivid distinctness; and her imagination increased their enormity a thousand fold.

She lay thus unable to sleep, until, as near as she could guess, about midnight, when she thought she heard the sound of a single footstep outside the house. She partially raised herself, and bending forward, listened for a continuance of the sound with eager intentness. She soon heard the step again, and this time distinctly. It now appeared to be quite near. She now listened for the dog's raising some alarm—but not the slightest movement did he seem to make. Her terror suddenly rose to a great extent, at the animal's not taking notice of the noise outside. Another moment, and she heard a sound as of some one removing the glass out of the small casement in the other room, immediately followed by the sharp click of the handle which fastened it on the inside, turning round. Still, the dog gave forth no sound or indication of what was going on.

Mrs. Pollard was now almost frantic with excess of fear, feeling assured that she must undoubtedly in a *few moments* be murdered. The perspiration streamed from her in large, cold drops, and her tongue seemed powerless to utter a single cry.

As we said, the dog had as yet given forth no sign of recognition; but when, a moment after the [illegible]

Original Essays.

HARMONIES OF NATURE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NO. VI.

[illegible]

In the manufacturing districts the demand for ore had fallen off, and the price of manufacturing iron had also receded.

Mr. D'Israeli's motion to institute an inquiry into the burdens on land was lost, 289 to 189. The Army and Navy estimates have been carried by large majorities. The India news has created great feeling among the English people. The navigation bill passed its second reading by a majority of 56. Mr. Gladstone explained that if the Americans did not give them reciprocity, the British could by their bill retaliate.

Breadstuffs had not improved, but prices continue to recede. Flour—Western Canal 23s.; Philadelphia and Baltimore 23s.; Ohio prime 21s. Grain—American wheat 6 to 7s.; Indian corn is in moderate demand at 27 to 29s. per quarter—best yellow corn meal 12s. 6d. to 13s. 6d.

Cured provisions were steady at Liverpool. Beef had fallen from 2s. to 3s. per tierce. Pork is quoted at 55s. to 57s., chiefly ship stores. Bacon is active at former prices. Lard had fallen 6d. per cwt.

American stocks fully maintain their prices.

Clippings.

☞ A club of women, in Paris, who contend for the widest liberties, and the most extended rights, have a code of by laws. One of the articles runs in this wise: "Any young woman who finds herself married to a man *fifty* years of age, shall have a perfect right to swap him off for two of *twenty five* years each."

☞ Why are a sharp knife and a dull one alike? Because one cuts *thoroughly*, and the other cuts *tho' roughly*.

☞ A cabinet maker in Charleston, S. C., advertises "Cradles and Coffins," with all necessary *intermediate* furniture.

☞ The pay of an Austrian soldier is four cents a day! What an honorable and respectable body of men they must be!

☞ The Brooklyn Advertiser has the following, which is very neatly told: "A gentleman of this city had a piece of virgin gold presented [illegible]

General News.

ANCIENT RELICS.—We find in a note to the review in the London Quarterly, of Layard's researches among the ruins of Nineveh, the following curious fact stated. In the course of his explorations Mr. Layard exhumed some superb specimens of carving in ivory, which were carefully removed, packed, and sent to London to be deposited in the Museum. On their arrival it was found they had every appearance of crumbling into pieces, and it was feared they would be entirely lost. Professor Owen having examined them, gave his opinion that the cause of the decay was the loss of albumen in the ivory, and the specimens having by his direction been digested in a solution of albumen, they were finally taken out as hard and solid as when two thousand years ago the Assyrian workman tasked his skill upon them. It is a common method, in the case of mouldering bones, to dip them in a weak size or glue, by which the incoherent particles are cemented together.—*North American*.

WHY YOU CAN'T GO TO CALIFORNIA IN A BALLOON.—Professor Mapes has been lecturing before the Jersey City folks, explaining why the air line to California cannot succeed. The reason consist in the nature of hydrogen gas, which is a fluid so subtle, that no substance, except a vitrified surface, has yet been found capable of confining it. Thus hydrogen makes its way through the walls of a house as easily as if nothing intervened. The process of the escape of the gas goes on at a rapid rate, even while the balloon is floating with the [illegible]

FLYING MACHINES.—We really [illegible] something will be done at last in the [illegible] ing machines. As soon as men get [illegible] the air, there will be some fun in the [illegible] deed, is it not in accordance with the [illegible] land is filling up, and that we shall [illegible] wilderness where man may retire [illegible] To atone for that, we may have the [illegible] above us, so that most men may be [illegible] forth upon the atmosphere and wand[illegible] stead of riding or walking out, as [illegible] they will "take an airing" by paying [illegible] clouds. In bad weather, invalids will [illegible] or a week above the clouds.—*Observer*.

AN EXCELLENT IDEA.—Rev. Tho[illegible] who has been for some time pastor of [illegible] Church in Stourbridge, called on us, [illegible] pay his subscription in advance; and [illegible] he made a remark which struck us as [illegible] sible one. Said he:—"I don't like [illegible] body's paper but my own. A newspa[illegible] more than twice as much when it i[illegible] advance. I advise you to make the [illegible] your subscribers who owe you." W[illegible] to communicate the idea, and here [illegible] will say that is is not a good one, wo[illegible] ral approval?—*Lynn News*.

☞ When is a point not a point? [illegible] a point of law, for that is always kno[illegible]

☞ THE BANK NOTE LIST remains [illegible] with the exception of—

Wyoming, Pa., ½ dis.
Canal Bank, Albany, N. Y., [illegible]
Small notes, Ohio, 2½ dis.
Small notes, Ky., 2½ dis.
State Bank, Ind., 2½ dis.
All solvent Banks, Mo., 2½ d[illegible]

CURE YOUR COUGHS [illegible]
WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD C[illegible]

[illegible]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A MAMMOTH PAPER.

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☞ Editors copying the above, or who will give a fair notice of the paper, and insert our list of terms, in their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange. Such as are already entitled to an exchange for the current year, shall receive our thanks.

N. B.—Any person desirous of receiving a copy of the POST as a sample, can be accommodated by notifying the Publishers by letter, *post paid*.

N. B.—No deviation from the regular terms will be practised. If less money is sent for a Club than we have agreed to take in our Prospectus, we *shall, in all cases, keep the money, and send only as many copies as it will pay for*.

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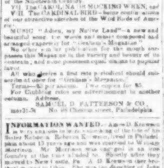

[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

THE FALLEN.

FROM THE WORLD UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

We had hoped that one so proudly
As such undiscerned mortals deem;
And our prophetic souls so loudly
As their cousins dictum,
That he many resources —
Could conquer — or giant destiny.
Such as Vision tantalized of old,
Brilliant stars their supremacy.
Like a torrent rushed with gold.

Scorn of foe, the solemn pestering,
Power-like spread to the wind,
Glorious brows which God's anointing
Consecrated alien wise,
Stainless hearts, like temples olden,
Rose her priests fresh every morn;
Hands so pure as were the golden
Berries which have the soft of God.

Oh, they built up radiant visions,
Like as ere after sets;
Drew all Paradise's radiance
Might be made to live again.
Of heavenly's and earthly's
How their hand abated rare the page,
And the sacred primal glory,
Flung upon that latter age.

How with God like impatience
Up the souls of men would climb,
Till the fallen, enslaved nations
Trod in rhythmic music sweet;
Reaching heights the people knew not,
Till their prophet thinkers led—
Rested in light that mocked mere vast,
While the spirit life fire dried.

How the pallid sons of Labor,
They showed toil and toil to raise,
Till a glory like to Labor
Once again should meet earth's gaze;
How the poor, no longer hungry
Count of life alone by grosses,
With the strong arm of their worship,
Hurt the staples on their throne.

Ah, this vision's bright ideal,
Must it fade and perish that I
Must in all stores be real?
Are its ruins used to us?
Ah, they drowned me 'Si Dorado,
Given not to mortal sight
Yet the saints that walk, in shadow,
Bid hand forward to its light.

Earnest Creatures, such we blame not
If ye failed to reach the glen—
Of the glorious Real none
All the strong prayer of your soul,
By the pallid fear of woe done,
Blessings yet to men may flow,
Though the pivotal and motive beauty
Of your structure lieth low!

A Ghost Story.

THE WIZARD OF ST. GABELLE.

"You wish to hear a ghost story," said my Uncle Sayle, one evening, as we gathered about his chair.—"you wish to hear a ghost story; very well, you shall have your wish. I will relate an incident of which I myself was witness, and which is, therefore strictly true."

We drew still closer to the old gentleman, and listened with the greatest interest as he related the following adventure:

One evening in autumn, full forty years ago, I was returning from Toulouse. I had travel al far that day, having already passed Asterive, where some friends of mine would have had me spend the night, but I was resolved to push on to Soverdun, which, you know, is three leagues distant on the road. I had arrived in front of the monastery of Benedence, when suddenly there burst forth a terrible storm. In a moment the night became dark and the wind impassable. I stood bewildered under shelter in the convent, but my horse, frightened at a sudden clap of thunder, dashed into a trot—pathway to the left, and here me away in spite of my I could do. Notwithstanding the speed at which we were, I soon discovered that we were on the direct road to Soverdun. And when, at last, my horse slackened his pace, which he did of his own good will, I found myself before the village inn.

I entered. The gusts were unceasing; and when I observed several Spanish muleteers, and some hunters, who, like myself, had been overtaken by the storm. We dried our clothes by the fire; after which supper was announced, and we sat down to the table.

The conversation first turned upon the stormy weather, and the badness of the roads. One said he had been thrown from his horse; and he had been a full hour extricating his horse and wagon from a mud hole.

"It is terrible weather," said a third. "Just the time for ghosts and witches."

Although this was but a natural remark, it gave rise to a lively conversation.

"I conceive that spirits choose a clear, moonlight night to hold their orgies in preference to such a one as the."

We turned to look at the author of this observation, and saw it was one of the Spanish merchants.

"It would seem that the gentleman was familiar with the customs of ghosts," exclaimed a young man aloud, "and that they have told him that they like to get neither muddy or wet."

"Young man," said the Spaniard, casting a terrible glance at the last speaker, "speak not so lightly on a subject with which you are not acquainted."

"Would you like to make me believe in ghosts?" retorted the young man, disdainfully.

"Perhaps," replied the Spaniard, "if you have sufficient courage to look on them."

Flushed with anger, the young man sprang to his feet. In a moment, however, he calmed himself, and down again, saying:

"You should pay dear for that remark, were it not uttered by a madman."

A gentleman, ordered the other, rising in his turn. "Listen," he added, striking the table with his fist, and throwing down a heavy leather purse. "Here are thirty quadruples which I am willing to lose, if within an hour I do not call up before your face the shade of any deceased person you shall name, even though he has been dead ten years; and if, after recognizing him, you dare to allow him to imprint a kiss upon your lips."

"You will do that?" said the young man, with a sceptical smile.

"Yes," continued the Spaniard, "on condition that you lose the same amount if I succeed."

"Thirty quadruples, my worthy senjour," said the young man, gaily, after a moment's silence, "is more than a student of Toulouse ever possessed; but if you reduce the stake to five, I am your man."

The Spaniard took up his purse, saying, "Ah, you refuse, monsieur?"

"I refuse!" echoed the other. "If I only had thirty quadruples, you would see."

"Here are four," I, who had added to your stake."

Several others followed my example, and soon the had been made up.

We chose for the room a small pavilion in the garden; as entirely isolated that it offered no means for fraud. We made ourselves sure that there were but two entries; a window, which was carefully closed, and a door, on the outside of which we were posted. Upon the table had been placed materials for writing, and the light had been carried away. The young man was then left alone in the pavilion, the Spaniard remaining with us outside the door.

A breathless silence prevailed for a moment, when the Spaniard began to chant, in a soft, melancholy voice, a stanza, which may be translated thus:

And the coffin is broken with a crash;
And the grave is opening,
And the pale phantom's dark foot is pinned
Upon the broken stone."

After this first stanza, the Spaniard raised his voice, and said, solemnly, "you have asked to see your friend, Francois Vinlet, who was drowned in the sea three years ago. What do you behold?"

"A whitish light arising near the window," replied the student, "but is is only a sin, a ion, wavering misty at first."

"Are you afraid?" asked the stern voice of the Spaniard.

And the young man answered, "I am too afraid."

We were stupified, breathless with suspense. The conjurer was silent for a moment. Then emerging thence with his feet upon the ground, he declared in a hollow voice that he knew more than before.

"And to whom phantom whose features you have
Have been disordered by the waves,
Whose body is the prey of reptiles and fair
With his winding sheet."

The silent ended. The Spaniard turned again towards the door and cried in the same solemn tone:

"Yes, who would seek to draw into the mysteries of the grave—what do you see?"

We listened anxiously, while the student replied, in a calm voice, and like one who describes an incident as it is taking place:

"The mist spreads itself, and takes shape; like a phantom. The head is covered with a long veil. It moves not from the spot on which it rests."

"Are you afraid?" asked the Spaniard.

And the young man answered, "I am not afraid."

Stupified, we kept our eyes fixed upon the conjurer in silent wise, as he proceeded in the other third solemn voice:

Then, says the phantom, rising from the grave,
That he may recognize me,
I will go before myself, saying, count and fair,
As in the days of my youth."

The Spaniard finished, and naked immediately the same terrible question:

"What do you see?"

"The figure is coming," replied the student. "It lifts its veil. It is Francois Vinlet. He approaches the table. He is writing his signature."

"Are you afraid?"

Immediately the Spaniard commenced singing, or rather howling, this last and horrible stanza:

"Then, says the phantom to the jesting youth,
Come, let me touch thee now;
Place thy hand on my heart, thy best spirour my
Thy lips upon my own."

"What do you see now?"

"The figure is approaching," replied the student. "It lifts its veil. It is Francois Vinlet. He approaches the table. He is writing his signature."

"Are you afraid?"

Immediately the Spaniard commenced singing, or rather howling, this last and horrible stanza:

"Then, says the phantom, to the jesting youth,
Come, let me touch thee now;
Place thy hand on my heart, thy best spirour my
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